

The Student's Pen



VOL. V

NO. 2

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Thanksgiving Issue

November, 1919



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Pittsfield, Mass.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword"

The Student's Pen

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Pittsfield, Massachusetts

THANKSGIVING ISSUE

NOVEMBER, 1919

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EDITORIAL

THE LUNCH ROOM

In the basement of the school, there is a place where, in time past, a lunch-room was operated. But, at present, that room is vacant and everything is locked up. Students from out of town and even local students are forced either to bring lunch or to purchase something to eat at one of the stores near the high school. Candy, buns, cake, and pastry are sold by the stores. These articles may be all right for dessert, but they are not substantial enough for high school students. Growing boys and girls should have good food such as sandwiches at noon.

If the lunch room were in operation, sandwiches, fruits, cocoa, milk, and cookies would be served for a nominal sum. Which would you rather have, students, a good lunch or a bad one?

The business of providing a lunch room was turned over to a special committee a year ago. Where is that committee? What has it done? What is it doing? We have space for a good lunch room—we have the appetites. Where is the lunch?

J. T. P.

Nickel Collection

Although the nickel collection has been talked over a great deal with the students, yet one more word about it will do no harm.

This year we are starting our collection anew, after having had a successful year last year. Each one must try to bring his nickel each week on the day it is due. Do not let it go, and say that you will bring it next week, for it is in this way that you finally cease to bother about it at all. But if you really have forgotten about it, then be prompt the next week, and keep your record up.

The spirit shown by the nickel collection should characterize that, shown by the attendance at all our games, but here is where we fall down. Our athletics are very closely related to our nickel collection. The collection is their financial backing.

Who wants to belong to a school which is not proud of its athletics? Show by your collection that you are proud of your school.

Vivian Gilmartin



LITERARY

A Shipwreck and What Came of It

It was a wild night off the coast of Brittany. The waves dashed against the shore with a tremendous force, and the sonorous rumbling of thunder interspersed with sharp, jagged flashes of lightning and fierce gusts of wind caused fear in the hearts of the Breton fisherfolk who had gathered on the shore to watch for the ships that had not yet returned from the day's trip.

Suddenly there came a shout from one of the fishermen.

"Look!" he cried, "over there to the east."

"What is it?" the crowd questioned breathlessly.

"It is a steam yacht," was the answer, "but it will not last long."

And then there came a blinding flash of lightning followed by a ripping crashing sound.

"It is doomed," said one of the fishermen, "and we are powerless to help it. Of what use would one of our egg-shell dories be in this storm?"

"True, Henri Renaud," said another fisherman, "our fellows have doubtless put into some port or harbor. Let us go to bed, that we may be ready if the storm is less fierce in the morning."

There was a grunt of approval, and, after kneeling on the wet sands to pray for those on board the ill-fated yacht, the gathering dispersed.

* * * * *

When the fisherfolk awoke the next morning and set out to see if the wreck had drifted nearer, they found Henri Renaud applying restoratives to a young man, presumably an American, who had evidently been washed ashore during the night from the wreck.

"Will you keep him 'till he is well, Henri?" they asked.

"Fools," said Renaud, "I wouldn't leave even the vilest criminal out here to die. Help me carry him to my hut."

For two days the gruff yet kind nurse stayed constantly at the bedside of his patient, and when, at the end of the third day, he thought the young man well enough to talk, he plied him with questions as to his name, his home, and how he came to be on the yacht.

"Well," began the convalescent, "I heard that a friend of mine had chartered a yacht and was coming to Europe. I thought that it would be an excellent chance for me to search for my father, who mysteriously disappeared some years ago, and so I got him to take me along—"

"But," Renaud interrupted, "you have not yet told me your name."

"Oh," was the answer, "my name is James Farrington. As I was saying, I got him to take me along—" he stopped, for Renaud was eyeing him keenly and repeating the name "Farrington" over and over. Finally the Breton asked pointedly, "Was your father's name William?"

Farrington's eyes lit up suddenly and he answered, "Yes! Do you know anything about him?"

Renaud's face became fiery red.

"Do I?" he roared.

Farrington was wild with joy.

"Tell me," he said.

"Your father," began Renaud, slowly, "stole—"

"Stole!" cried Farrington.

"Yes," said Renaud, "stole \$500,000—"

"That's a lie," Farrington returned, "a pure lie."

"Yes?" sneered Renaud. "Hear me through. He stole \$500,000 from the funds of the Southern Atlantic Steamship Company, of which he was treasurer."

"I won't listen to such slander," said Farrington.

"But," replied Renaud, "he wrote a letter to the president of the company, begging him to hush the matter up, and confessing that he stole half of it—"

"Did he say who took the other half?" asked Farrington.

"Yes!" cried Renaud, "he blamed it on me!"

"What!" Farrington ejaculated.

"It is so," answered Renaud, "and that is why I'm here today. Sooner than face the Board of Directors there in New York, I fled to this God-forsaken place. I speak French well, and you are the first man to whom I have spoken English in seven or eight years."

"Well," said Farrington, "I shall leave tomorrow."

"No, no," said Renaud, hastily, "you are not well. Do not be offended by what I said about your father. I spoke from evidence given. Let us say no more of the matter."

* * * * *

The week which Farrington had agreed to stay was almost up, and he was preparing to leave the country, when one day. . . .

He had been out walking along the beach when a violent storm burst upon him. Being forced to seek shelter in a nearby hut, he found it deserted. As he sat there contemplating his surroundings, he noticed that three or four of the bricks in the fireplace bulged curiously. He had heard that some of the fishermen had hidden hordes of wealth in their huts, and being curious to know if this was such a hiding place, he first looked out of the window to see if anyone was coming, and, seeing no one, he then cautiously pulled out the bulging bricks. And there, in the small recess which the bricks hid, was something that made him shout for joy: four sacks, each labeled "Southern Atlantic Steamship Company," and \$100,000 in paper money. Fearing that someone might return, Farrington put the bricks back in place, and, though the storm was still raging, started for Renaud's hut.

That night, when all was quiet in the sleeping village, two figures crept along the beach in the direction of the hut. They were Farrington and Renaud, each armed with a revolver and a packet of bullets. As they neared the hut

they crept on their hands and knees to some bushes beside the door, hoping to hear something. But, after staying there for at least a half an hour, and hearing nothing, they decided to enter the hut. With their revolvers cocked and ready for use, Renaud and Farrington threw open the door and shouted: "Hands up!" There were two men sitting in chairs near the fireplace, smoking. One was a Frenchman, the other an American. The latter laid down his pipe and said in an angry voice: "What is the meaning of this?"

"Meaning!" answered Renaud, "Bring that rope here, Farrington—"

"Farrington!" the American echoed.

"Yes!" sneered Renaud, "it doesn't sound very well, does it?"

It was a sorrowful pair of crooks who found themselves tied hand and foot in Renaud's hut a few hours later, watching their ill-gotten money being poured out on the table and counted, and listening to Renaud reading some letters, which later proved to be warrants for their arrest.

"Hurrah!" shouted Renaud. "I've found where your father is. Listen to this," and he read:

"James Channing

New York

Sir: Ten years ago this very night you committed the crime that has made me what I am today,—a very broken-hearted, disgraced man. It all comes back to me now—how you found me in the office, looking over my books, how you held me up while you cracked the safe, and then,—how you forced me to write that letter blaming myself and poor Gibson for the theft. You were then but a burglar, today you are a rich man.

As to my family—Ah! I cannot bear to think of them.

I am now on board the steamer "Doris", and by the 4th of July I shall land in Sydney, where I will drift about for a while, and then disappear.

Let this haunt your dying hour—every trial, tribulation, and sorrow of my family was caused by you, and you alone.

William Farrington."

Renaud was wild with joy. "There is yet time to wire the immigration authorities at Sydney," he said, "we'll deliver these fellows to the police first, and then,—America for us!"

Edward J. Hickey '23

Lest He Forget

June had come with its soft breezes and sweet flowers, and had eventually brought graduation. The graduating class of the Potomac Grammar School was composed of twenty-four individuals, including William Skinney, Jr., and Conrad Sylvester, both ardent suitors of Isabel Delmond.

Finally the great day arrived, and the class seated itself in a semicircle around the platform. Speeches which had been assigned several weeks before, were glibly given to the waiting public by stiffly-starched and squeaky-shoed students.

All went smoothly until Conrad's turn came. He began bravely with, "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs, and blaming it to you; if—". But the rest of the speech had left his mind and neither the shining shoes nor the carnation in his buttonhole nor even the lately acquired diploma had any encouragement to offer. William began to snicker and Isabel to look horrified, while Conrad scratched his head as if there might be some annoyance located on that member. Just at the "zero hour" Isabel said in a stage whisper, "If you—". Up went Conrad's head and he rambled on determinedly.

"If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be,
The curfew must not ring to-night!
Oh, woodman, spare that tree!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
And let who will be clever!
The boy stood on the burning deck,
But I go on forever!

Wreathed in smiles, Conrad took his seat between his friends, William and Isabel, amid the thundering applause of the audience.

In response to a demonstrative curtain call, Conrad was shoved forward to the front of the platform where he made a bow in true oriental fashion, ending a day of triumph.

Rachel Sheldon '23

The Class Treasurer

The class treasurer has a fine time,
Collecting class tax every dime.
Now everyone must surely pay
If they care for fun at a later day.

She asks you in the corridor,
She may greet you at the door;
She duns you in the class-room,
And a thousand places more.

She frowns upon you on the street,
And e'en in church, if you should meet,
So if you wish to be left in peace,
You must pay your class tax,
'tout de suite.'

M. M. G. '20

A New High School

About once every fifteen years
Some ambitious unselfish guy
Starts talking of building a new High School
And raises our hopes to the sky.

We think, why gosh! it won't be long
Before the building is finished.
The aldermen draw up sets of plans,
And talk goes on undiminished.

Up pops some man with a brand new plan,
Not a school but a city hall,
A new city hall is what Pittsfield needs,
A High School—not at all.

They ought to come over and see our place.
Know you men in that city hall
That the only new things in P. H. S.
Are the clocks that hang on the wall?

The ventilation system is on the bum,
The auditorium discolored and bare,
The gymnasium is only an isle between seats,
And the swimming pool is simply not there.

So the days go by at Pittsfield High,
And we live and learn in the dark,
Always pleading our cause with never a pause,
'Gainst a new city hall on the Park.

Henry L. Barber, '21

A Sour Escapade

Steve Turnette looked up from the newspaper whose printed lines he was exploring and crossed the floor to his aunt with whom he lived.

"Aunt Samantha," he began in a most tempting way.

"Don't bother me with any silly schemes of yours now. Go back to that table and study your algebra. You know, as well as I do that you've got to study more or I won't keep you in school," replied his aunt, a very precise woman who pressed her lips so tightly together that one might think she had a vise in place of a head. Steve knew that her intentions were of the best possible type, and of course he was grateful to her for giving him a good home, but still it seemed as though she kept her eye on his algebra more than she should.

Steve, however, had not given up his new scheme and proceeded again to get "on the right side" of his Aunt Samantha.

"But I know my algebra now," pleaded the boy.

"Yes! How am I to believe that?" demanded Miss Samantha Turnette, making her eyebrows come close together at the top, a sign which Steve always interpreted "ominous."

"Honest I know it," Steve declared.

"Well, maybe. What foolish thing do you want me to yield to now?" asked the woman.

"It isn't a foolish one, but I can make some money if you'll allow me to," announced Steve, growing very interested.

"Humph!" from Samantha.

"You know all the apples on the ground in the orchard that were blown down and are rotting there?" began Steve, and then kept on without waiting for his aunt to say that she did or didn't, as the case might have been. "Well, I could easily have them made into cider and then make it into vinegar and then sell it over at the village for a good price."

"Vinegar!" exclaimed Aunt Samantha, who had a certain dread of vinegar.

"Yes, ma'am," said Steve meekly.

"Well, the apples are going to waste, but I don't think I'd make them into vinegar," replied the spinster lady.

But after a full half-hour of pleading for the making of vinegar, Steve won his case. He had received Miss Samantha's permission and that was all he wanted. Samantha looked at the clock and immediately ordered Steve to bed, and, strange to say, he went without complaining about it being too early.

By three o'clock the next afternoon Steve with one of his friends, Bill Joyce, was collecting the apples on the ground and putting them into barrels.

"How you going to get 'em over to the cider mill?" asked Bill.

"Aunt Samantha let me take the horse," replied Steve.

At last the ground was free from all good apples, and there were six barrels in different places, all heaping full. Steve led the horse that Miss Turnette kept "for farm use" as she would call it, into the yard and soon the horse found himself hitched to the buckboard. Then the two boys, after much trouble and exertion, made worse by the fact that a pair of human eyes were watching them from the house, put on the last barrel.

"Ho!" puffed Steve when the last barrel had been loaded upon the buckboard, which was not any too strong. "That part of the job is over."

"I guess it's the worst part of the job ain't it?" asked Bill.

"I guess 'tis. Giddap, Max!" called Steve to the horse, and they went rumbling down the road in the direction of the cider mill. Arriving at their destination, the two youths unloaded their heavy burden.

Mr. Hardnell, better known in that vicinity as Pete Hardnell, owner and manager of the cider mill, promised to have the cider ready by Saturday so the boys jumped into the wagon, satisfied, and started for Steve's home.

Thursday passed, Friday also passed by as it usually does, and Saturday dawned, a beautiful day. Steve was up, not with the chickens, but with his Aunt Samantha. This lady was always up long before the chickens thought of such a thing. After eating his breakfast Steve hurried out to do the various chores.

"There! All through! Now I guess I'll go over after the cider, meeting Bill on the way," announced Steve.

"Well, I guess not!" firmly spoke Samantha.

"Oh please, Aunt Samantha! Please!" pursued Steve, fumbling with his hat.

"No! I have plenty of work for you at home for awhile," finished Samantha. "Go upstairs, Stephen, and get all the rugs. Then you may beat them. And I want them done better this time than you did them last week."

Steve, seeing no other way, obeyed his aunt. Outside the room occupied at present by his aunt, Steve exclaimed, "Gee! Some days she makes me think of old Mrs. Gummidge in 'David Copperfield.' She's always putting the damper on my hopes and trying to ruin them. And then there's other times when she's like Peggotty, but she favors Mrs. Gummidge more often." With this consolatory speech he went upstairs for the rugs. Rugs! Oh, how many boys have been cheated out of a good time by rugs! Steve thought this as he began beating a large one from his aunt's room.

The sun ascended higher in the heavens. A sharp whistle came from the road. Steve stopped short in his work.

"Good night!" he exclaimed, at the same time running into the house. "The mail! I wonder! Wow! If it is!"

Five minutes later the truth, the awful truth was known, and well known at that.

"Young man!" snapped Samantha Turnette.

"Y-Y-yes ma'am," stammered Steve, feeling very faint indeed.

"I have received a terrible letter. Terrible!" and she stamped one foot to emphasize that awful fact.

"I'm sorry," said Steve. His hands were behaving very queerly it seemed.

"Humph! If your sorrow were true sorrow this awful letter would not be in my hands!"

"Is-is-is it a de——?" started Steve.

"I shall read it to you!" replied the possessor of the terrible letter.

Yes! Alas! It was a deficiency. Every hope Steve had had, now vanished for who, who is there that can defy a deficiency in a woman's hand?

"I'll do better next time!" promised Steve, growing rather nervous.

"Humph! It seems I have heard that promise before!" reminded Samantha.

But just then a miracle happened. Mrs. Peters, an old friend of Samantha's "happened in casual like" as she said, but it was really and truly a god-send to Steve, who made the utmost of his golden opportunity, and quickly escaped with the horse for the cider mill and luckily met Bill Joyce on the way.

"Jump in, Bill," called Steve, pulling on the reins.

"Sure thing. I was just going up to your house looking for you. Gosh, but you're late," answered Bill in return.

"I received a 'letter' from the algebra", explained Steve. "Did you receive any?"

"You ought to be thankful that you only got one, I got two."

"I'm glad Aunt Samantha didn't get any more," replied Steve very earnestly.

"It's just ten past eleven," said Bill, looking at a new dollar watch which he took every opportunity to display.

Upon reaching the cider mill, they found the cider all ready for them, and after paying Hardnell the boys started for home. As it was nearing noon, Bill left Steve at his house, and Steve kept on, wondering if his liberator would still be at Samantha's.

To his great joy, Steve saw that Mrs. Peters was making a good long visit, and this gave Steve unbounded pleasure. As he passed by the parlor window, he heard his aunt ask her visitor to stay for dinner. After many reasons as to why she could not stay, Mrs. Peters accepted the invitation. Steve was overjoyed.

"Now!" he exclaimed. "Now I can put this cider in a warm place so it'll make quicker."

He began at once to hunt around for some receptacle to put the cider into, for the kegs it was now in were not very strong looking, and of course Steve could take no chances. At last his gaze met the very thing. "Fine! he exclaimed. "Just the thing."

From a corner of the shed he pulled a tall can made of very good tin. It stood about four feet high and was as good as new. Steve made up his mind.

"I'll use this. If Aunt Samantha wanted it for anything it would have been used before now. And I'll put it in the unused room over the kitchen. It will be good and warm there, and cider needs plenty of warmth to make into good vinegar." Suiting his word to action he first carried the large pail or can upstairs and put it close to the stovepipe which passed through the room. Then he took a large water pail and carried the cider up to the can. It took several trips to get it all upstairs and he made an enormous amount of noise, but Samantha was breathlessly listening to Mrs. Peters telling of her trip to New York, so Steve went on unheeded.

As evening approached Miss Samantha received by special delivery a letter from her sister Jane who lived thirty miles away asking her to come to her immediately as she was very sick. Samantha, possessing a kind heart, hurriedly got some "extry clothes" together and made herself ready to go to her sister, on the evening train. Mr. Barlow, the carrier of the letter, promised to carry Samantha to town in his automobile.

"Stephen! You can stay over to the village all next week and I'll have Mr. Burns (who was a neighbor) do the chores. I'll be home a week from today. Good-bye! I mustn't keep Mr. Barlow waiting. And Samantha was gone.

The seconds formed minutes, the minutes formed hours, likewise the hours formed days, and the days numbered seven. It was a week! Steve was waiting at the railroad station for his aunt, for whom he had really felt lonesome. The train puffed in and Samantha descended from the steps of the rear car. After the greetings were over, Miss Turnette asked her nephew whether he had been to the house since she left, and his reply was negative. Samantha had left Jane in fine health and was very glad to be back. Seeing a friend with a horse Samantha hailed him, and soon she and Steve were truly "homeward bound."

The house was still there, so was the barn, but Steve was wondering if his cider was vinegar yet.

Samantha took a key from her pocket, unlocked the front door and the two went in.

"Heavens!" screamed Samantha. "Do I smell vinegar?"

Steve was thunderstruck.

"I put some upstairs," he meekly replied.

But Miss Samantha rushed out into the kitchen and gave forth a long, loud scream.

"Great Heavens! Vinegar is every place. The stove is all rust. Look at that ceiling! And the floor! Stephen! Explain this!"

Sheepishly Steve confessed that he had put the vinegar upstairs to have it warm.

"What did you put it in?" asked his aunt, shutting her vise-like lips tightly.

"Why, the great big tin can out in the ———"

"Tin!" exclaimed his aunt in horror.

The fault of Steve's scheme was this; vinegar or cider when put in tin and left for a short time will eat its way out, due to certain acids in it. So that was why the kitchen was so "vinegary."

As a result of this woeful happening, the kitchen in Samantha's home underwent the process of renovation, re-painting and re-everything as it seemed to Steve.

"I'm awful sorry," he blurted out later.

"Not a word!" exclaimed his aunt. "Just profit by your own lesson and I'll forget about this crazy adventure."

"Thank you, aunt," replied Steve warmly, "You're a brick, a regular Peggoty to me."

John J. Connors '23

JOKES

Pretty Slick

Two men, an Irishman and an ex-thief were working in a ditch. At dinner time the men opened their dinner pails. Pat left his pail for a minute during which the ex-thief exchanged his tea which had no milk in it for Pat's which had milk in it. When Pat returned he looked at the tea, then at the ex-thief, and again at the tea. He casually remarked,

"I always knew you were a slick thief, but I never met a man before who could steal milk from a man's tea."

Kelly:—"Whom do the mermaids flirt with?"

Dolphin:—"The swells of the ocean of course."

Miss Flynn:—"Brownell, what does 'j' in Spanish sound like?"

Brownell (under his breath):—"It sounds like h—to me."

Miss Flynn:—"Correct."

Heard in the Barnyard

First Rooster:—"What's the matter with Mrs. Hen?"

Second Rooster:—"Shell shock. Ducks came out of the eggs she was settin' on."

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French Teacher (explaining the use of the subjunctive) — "I think it is raining,—What would you use there?"

Kittredge:—"An umbrella."

Prof.:—"Name a fatal disease."

Student:—"Can't, Sir."

Prof.:—"Correct, cancer."

Teacher:—"Barnes, what is a gig?"

Barnes:—"A gig is a light vehicle drawn by a horse, and manipulated by a man with two wheels."

Elaine C.:—"Then the Egyptians believed that the dead bodies had spirits and the food which was set before these dead bodies also had spirits."

Teacher:—"You have the right idea, Miss C."

Musante:—(acting fresh)"Did the drink have spirits too?"

Teacher:—"Only two and three quarters."

Mac.:—"Why is a kiss like a rumour?"

Bessie:—"Because it goes from mouth to mouth."

Freshmen — Grassy

Sophomores — Gassy

Juniors — Brassy

Seniors — Classy

M. Linnehan (showing a knowledge of chemistry)—"I washed my hair last night in H₂ O."

M. Higgins:—"Oh, I always use H₂ O₂."

J. Hopper:—"A girl had a shock today at recess."

M. O'Malley:—"Is that so?"

J. Hopper:—"Yes she was eating a bun and swallowed a currant."

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After the football game, see H. Gloom, Undertaker.

Bits from Here and There

Yes, we'll say the Glee Club is a howling success.

Heard in the hall:—"He's little but Oh, my."

Roses are red and violets are blue

Poor Elaine G. and Barber are split in two.

Next?!!

Eager Junior

Large bodies move slowly.—Kittridge.

Bob Kenyon says that in spite of the high cost of living we can still get five pennies for a nickel. At a boy! Bob.

Blessed are they that expect nothing for they shall not be disappointed.

Who says Latin is a dead Language? Ain't there Tango, Tangere, Turki, Trotum and Flunco, Fluncere Faculti, Fireum?

Mike Quinn says it must be great to be on the staff an' get your name in the paper an' everything.

Are we satisfied now Michael?

Please hand in some good snappy, personal notes for next month's issue. Please write on only one side of the paper. You know somethin' good. Come on now. Out with it.

Ye Ed.

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ATHLETICS

P. H. S. 7—Drury High 0

P. H. S. football team won its second game Saturday, October 11, by defeating its old rival Drury High on the Fairgrounds at North Adams by a score of 7-0. Pittsfield was handicapped by the absence of Wood the star fullback and Sundstrom, our husky tackle, who were unable to play because of injuries received in the previous game with Adams High. Nevertheless our boys turned the trick on the Tunnel city boys and held them scoreless. P. H. S. scored in the first period when McArthur received a juggled forward pass and dashed 20 yards for the only touchdown of the game. In the second period Drury threatened to score having brought the ball to our 15 yard line by a series of line plunges but were held for downs by the stiff opposition of our line.

Pittsfield came back with new life in the third period, "Pinky" Mangan rushing through the Drury line gaining from 5 to 10 yards at each rush, bringing the ball to the enemy's 10 yard line. Here P. H. S. had 3 yards to go but Drury put up a stone wall defense and our boys were unable to bring the pigskin over for another count. Drury had the ball during the last period but was unable to carry it within any threatening distance of our goal. The work of Naughton, McArthur and Mangan was quite prominent for Pittsfield while Lobo, Jayne and Bakey starred for Drury.

The line up

P. H. S.		D. H. S.	
Ganley	le	re	McCann, Dickie
Naughton	lt	rt	Erickson, Nagle
Gleason	lg	rg	Nagle, Ballard
Capt. Foss	c	c	Millard
Kittridge	rg	lg	Clark, Campbell
Musante	rt	le	Pollard
Mangan	qb	qb	Bakey
McArthur	lhb	rhb	Westcott
Semple	rhb	lhb	Lobo
W. Foss	fb	fb	Jayne
Fox	re		

Touchdown, McArthur. Goal from touchdown, Mangan. Referee, Hogan of Williamstown. Umpire, Domin of Williamstown. Headlinesman, Moran of North Adams. Time 10 and 12 minute quarters.

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Pittsfield, Mass.

P. H. S. 7—Taconics 0

The P. H. S. football team won its third successive victory, Saturday, October 18th on the Common by defeating the Taconics 7 to 0 in a hard fought game. Our boys registered the only touchdown in the second period when "Pinky" Mangan got away for some neat end runs, the one resulting in the score being a 30-yard gain. In the third period our team resorted to the air route, as no gains of any considerable distance could be made through the opponents line which was much heavier than ours. Inability to cling to the passes prevented another touchdown. In the last quarter the Taconics braced up considerably and brought the ball to our 15 yard line by several long end runs, and only the final whistle stopped them from bringing the old pigskin over for the count. "Marsh" Wood, after being absent because of injuries he received in the previous game with Adams, was back in the game at tackle and gave a fine exhibition of football. Garbarino at guard showed up well.

The line up

<i>P. H. S.</i>		<i>Taconics</i>	
Ganley, Kelley	le	re	Grady
Wood	lt	rt	Farrell
Heaneau, Garbarino	lg	rg	Driscoll
Capt. Foss	c	c	B. Farrell
Kittridge	rg	lg	Fentner
Musante	rt	lt	Kenney, Morrison
Fox, Dillon	re	le	Murphy
Mangan	qb	qb	Ringer
McArthur	lhb	rhb	McMahon
Semple	rhb	lhb	Ryan
Dolphin	fb	fb	Haggerty

Touchdown, Mangan. Goal from touchdown, Mangan. Time, 4 ten-minute periods. Referee, Francis Johnson of Pittsfield. Umpire, Lincoln of P. H. S.

P. H. S. 19—Dalton 0

P. H. S. football eleven smothered Dalton High before a large crowd of spectators on the Common, Saturday, October 15, by a score of 19 to 0. The sister town was completely outclassed in every department from the very start to the finish, they being unable to even bring the ball within threatening distance of our goal. Undoubtedly the large cheering squad which was on hand had a great influence towards bringing such an overwhelming victory to our team. P. H. S. scored a touchdown early in the first period and another in the second quarter, "Pinkie" Mangan taking the ball over in both instances by line plunges. The line gave one of its best exhibitions of football thus far this season, there being holes made big enough for an army to go through. "Marsh" Wood was a tower of strength in all departments. He ripped through the opponents line for 10 and 15 yards at a time and scored the third and last touchdown in the third period by plugging Dalton's line for 20 yards. Dalton

tried several passes which were of little avail as McArthur was on the job as usual and intercepted them. He recovered several fumbles which would have proved costly to our eleven.

J. Connors, the Dalton High School full back, struck the ground on his head and suffered concussion of the brain when he attempted to tackle Mangan in the first quarter.

In a preliminary game the Taconics won from the Father Mathews, 12 to 0.

The line ups:

<i>P. H. S.</i>		<i>Dalton High</i>	
Ganley, Dillon	le	re	Rider
Musante	lt	rt	L. Connors
Gleason, Burns	lg	rg	Depew
Capt. Foss	c	c	Woodlock
Kittridge	re	lg	Mansir
Garbarino	rt	lt	McMaster
Fox	re	le	Hoxie, F. Mantain
Mangan, Rock	qb	qb	D. Connors
McArthur	lhb	rhb	Boakes
W. Foss	rhb	lhb	Gilbert
Wood	fb	fb	F. Mantain, J. Connors

Score, P. H. S. 19, Dalton High, 0. Touchdown, Mangan 2, Wood 1. Goal from touchdown, Wood. Referee, Charles Stewart of Colgate. Umpire, Norman Lincoln. Head linesman, Welch. Time, 11 minute periods.

The schedule for the coming basketball season is as follows:—

December 6—Drury at Pittsfield
 December 19—Pittsfield at Dalton
 December 26—Open
 January 10—Adams at Pittsfield.
 January 16—Pittsfield at Adams
 January 23—Dalton at Pittsfield
 January 30—Pittsfield at Dalton
 February 7—Adams at Pittsfield
 February 13—Pittsfield at Drury
 March 6—Drury at Pittsfield

Athletic Notes

"Ray" Quinn, the speedy forward of last year's basketball team and also a member of the baseball team has left school to take a position at the G. E. Co.

"Jim" Kenney alias, "Mike" O'Boyle, who graduated in the class of 1919, played on the Taconic team against the High School, Saturday and certainly played a great game of football.

Paul Auger, the star baseball man of last year's nine has left school to take a position at the Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.

"Sunny" Sundstrom's injuries are healing rapidly and it is hoped he will be able to play shortly.

John Austin, a graduate of the 1917 class is playing quarterback on the Father Mathews eleven. There is little doubt that John can fill the position in an A1. manner.

Mr. Ford, a member of the faculty, is coaching the Father Mathews' team and it certainly will be a crack team after he pours forth his knowledge of football into them.

"Binker" Britt, the all around star athlete has also left school with intentions of going away to a 'prep' school.

COMMERCIAL HIGH NOTES

James Goddeau a former member of this school is taking a course at the Berkshire Business College. Mr. Goddeau is employed at the Gas Company.

The money has been collected for the class rings and pins for the June graduating class of this school by Harriet Pemble, and the order sent in. The amount collected was over seventy-five dollars.

A large number of students from the main building are attending the meetings of the salesmanship club conducted by Mr. Wraught every Tuesday in this building. Mr. Wraught has received several certificates of proficiency in Accounting and Cost work.

Cakes, cookies, and candy sales by the senior class every recess are meeting with much success. Frankfurts are also on sale.

Grace McGill, a graduate of the regular course, is taking a post-graduate course in this building.

In the Remington Tests for the month of October the following students will receive the 25 word certificates: Walter Gleason 26 words, Pearl Van Bramer 31.6 words, and Harry Sisson 27.7 words per minute.

The students from this building are not supporting the Athletic Association in the manner they should, and their attendance at the games is very poor. This school will be represented better this year in athletics than it ever has been before. Season tickets are not needed for admission to the football games. The bleachers on the south side of the Common are reserved for students during the game.

Francis Connelly, a senior in this building, has left school and taken a position in the Accounting Department of the General Electric Company. Mr. Connelly intends to complete his High School Course by studying nights.

Any students in this building wishing to contribute articles to the Student's Pen, may leave them with representatives in Room 8 of this building.

John Olson and Irving Conant have returned from a hunting expedition in the wilds of New Ashford. They explored a cave and killed several red headed bats.

Joe Cooney is taking Richard Baer's place behind the bat, for the Pie Face Sluggers, while Baer is nursing an injured foot.

So far only three windows have been broken by the players. Waldo Brouker accounted for the first one, and Richard Baer is credited with the other two.

Robert B. Dillon '20

STUDENTS' ACTIVITIES

F. M. T. A. Notes

With the opening of the winter season of the F. M. T. A. Society comes a new thing—the Young Men's Advisory Board. This board, composed of ten Juniors, is the governing body of the Junior Society of the F. M. T. A. just as the Senior Advisory Board is of the men, and the Ladies Advisory Board, of the women. The officers of the board are: President, Frances Moran; Vice-President, James Marshall; Secretary, John Hopper. The board has many interesting and delightful plans under way for the winter activities of the Juniors. It intends to form an orchestra of five pieces, which will play at the various meetings of the Juniors. The board also will continue the noted Junior Literary Society, which met every Sunday morning last winter. This society will be under the able direction of Mr. Robert F. Stanton, the ever popular sponser of the society in past years. In the annual campaign, which opened October 7, the Junior society was represented by a team made up of Juniors. The team made a creditable showing in the campaign. The age limits for those eligible for membership in the Junior society has been raised. The new limits are from sixteen to twenty-one instead of fourteen to eighteen, as formerly.

J. T. H. '21

Y. M. C. A. Notes

On Tuesday evening, October twenty-first, a short talk was given to the members of the Hi-Y by Fred. A. Peterson, the captain of the famous Colgate Football eleven which defeated Yale, 19 to 0.

Hi-Y meetings are held every other Tuesday evening. Bible Study classes at 7.15 and regular meetings at 7.45. All High School members are invited to join this lively club.

November fourth will be a stunt night for the Club.

November eighteenth will be a Co-Ed Night with a masquerade party.

December second will be Fathers and Mothers Night.

December sixteenth—a College Night—Banquet Speaker, Mr. W. H. McCarthy, director of Boys' Work School at Springfield Y. M. C. A. College.

Among other activities are Checker League, Pool and Basketball Leagues, Glee Club and Orchestra.

Girls' League Notes

Following the movement of the Child Health Organization, the League has installed apparatus used in the playing of the health game.

The enrollment this year has gone "over the top" with 1097 members.

All the classes are progressing rapidly, hockey being a particularly enjoyable game this year.

The course in tennis has been finished, with Bessie More, the winner of the games, receiving a silver loving cup.

Beatrice M. Rowan '21

Debating Club

The Young Men's Debating Club has started very well this year. Considering that the membership is almost entirely new, we have had some good debates and discussions. A new plan has gone into effect, whereby the officers hold their rank for an entire term instead of the five week periods.

The officers for the present year are: President, John Hopper; Vice President, Ronald Dickson; Secretary, Henry Barber. We still have room for a few more members. Consequently, if you wish to learn to speak, to hear others speak, and to enjoy yourself, come to the Debating Club next Tuesday. The Club needs you and you need the Club. On October 28, a debate was held on "Resolved that Shantung should be returned to China." The debate was won by the affirmative side which consisted of Mr. Gitelman, Mr. Decker and Mr. Garrity. The negative side was ably championed by Mr. Lyman and Mr. Sandow.

H. L. Barber, Secretary

Mathematics Club

The Mathematics Club has elected Wilmot Clark as President. Carl Dole is Vice President, and Marion White, Secretary. The Club is rather small at present, having only about ten members. The ten make up, by their activity, for the small number. Mr. Lucey is instructor.

Electrical Club

The Electrical Club was organized October second under the direction of Mr. Keaney. Robert Costine was elected president, with Luman Morton, vice president, and Arthur Rosenbaum, secretary.

The Club gives every indication of running a very successful course. All who are Juniors or Seniors, and are interested in electricity, should come up and see us.

A. Rosenbaum, Secretary

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Choral Club Notes

The Choral Club, under the supervision of Mr. Larkin and Professor Charles Smith meets every Tuesday in the auditorium. At the beginning of the year there were one hundred seventy nine members, but it was decided that this number was too large for the best results musically, and so the number of members is now about eighty.

The orchestra is also under the direction of Professor Smith, and is at present composed of eleven pieces: Piano, Marion Patten; Violins, Edwin Foss, Lynwood Becker, Bertrand Cornelius, Hubert Shepardson, William Cole, Harvey Brownell; Viola, George Halford; Trombone, Clifford Heather; Drums, Kenneth Semple. It is hoped that others may be added. A cellist, and cornetist are especially desired for the Tuesday rehearsals.

The officers for this year are: President, E. Foss; Vice President, Kenneth Semple; Secretary, Marion Patten; Treasurer, Ethel Wulff.

The orchestra and Club received many compliments for their work during the Parent Teachers' Convention and also for the work at the Teachers' Convention.

Camp Fire Notes

There are twelve groups of Camp Fire Girls in the city under the direction of the Girls' League Association.

Miss Bessie May has been appointed substitute guardian of the Wadewachuck Camp Fire Girls during the absence of Miss Sue Coffey.

Two more groups have been organized under the leadership of Miss Grace Vosburg and Miss Isabelle Merrill.

Two groups of Camp Fire Girls have been organized in West Pittsfield with Miss Dora Malcolm and Mrs. Stewart Meserve as guardians.

Miss Edna Krum has charge of the Bluebirds in West Pittsfield.

Plans are under way for a Union Council Fire to be held in November with Dr. Plummer of Boston as chief speaker.

All Camp Fire Girls of the city have been weighed and measured in accordance with the rules published by the Child Health Organization and the great health game which is being played by all the Wohelo Girls.

The following guardians are in charge of the Camp Fire Activities in Pittsfield:

Miss Augusta Ogden
Miss Katherine Chesney
Miss Grace Vosburg
Miss Loretta Melodie
Miss Isabel Merrill

Miss Claire Ogden
Miss Marjorie Miller
Miss Dora Malcolm
Miss Olga Dorringer
Miss Bessie May

Mrs. Stewart Meserve

The chief advisor is Dr. Anna Mary Wood, and chief guardian is Miss Gertrude Peaslee.

Esther A. Stodden, '21

Senior A Notes

The Senior Dance Committee has been chosen with Miss Lanou as chairman. It has been decided to give the Dance on Friday, twenty-sixth. Boys! Keep that date open, and see that "she" does too!

On Columbus Day the class, with Miss Wells and Miss Peaslee as chaperones, went to Richmond Pond. One of the most popular games was the Lying Contest. Many strange stories were told, with "Speed" Halford and "Al" MacArthur leading in the art. The affair was in charge of the capable Social Committee of which Bertrand Cornelius is chairman.

The latest reports, at the time of writing, are of a country dance held at Richmond on October twenty-third. Several persons were invited from the metropolis of Richmond, and Mrs. Cornelius, Miss Waite, and Miss Bates chaperoned. The trip was made in automobiles which were generously donated and driven by members of the class. Johnson and Foss furnished the fine music. If you don't believe we had a good time, ask "Kit". He knows.

However, if you think all we do is to have a good time, please examine the next honor and credit lists.

What's next? Sh-h—a Sleigh Ride! Keep the dread secret dark!

[Notice]

Will each class, and each club, please appoint someone to see that some news of the organization reaches the Student Activities Editor once in two weeks, on the fifteenth and thirtieth? It is desired to have the material once in two weeks in order that at any time we may have up-to-date matter ready for printing. Will all presidents please attend to this at once, and appoint someone who will do it promptly?

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Thanksgiving Issue

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